

* Smoke from the Weekly Pipe *

CHIEF OF POLICE B. F. GRANT must attend to his own business. We shall insist that hereafter he confine his activities to the conduct of the police department and let the collection business alone.

We have before us three letters from collection agencies protesting against the competition which the chief of police has set up. One of these letters is from Luke and he is particularly put out over the entrance of Grant into the collection field. It is cited in these epistles, which came by special delivery for Smoke consumers, that in the last two weeks the chief has actually collected thousands of dollars from confidence men and has returned this money to the suckers who had their eyes shut and their purses open.

It will be remembered that some rural visitors have been in our receptive midst coming from this or that ranch to look at the sights of a great city and to paw over the prospects for getting rid of a roll. To make matters easier for the merchants and nimble thirst quenchers a number of confidence men, also strangers within our gates, have been making a practice of relieving these suckers of their wads until the habit became very annoying, to say the least. In steps the chief of police, rounds up the flim-flammers and makes them turn over to him, as guardian ad litem for the flim-flammers, all the loose kale they borrowed to help the sucker get so rich he would make the Philadelphia mint look like a bankrupt institution in comparison.

The collection agencies which make the yell about Grant do not complain because he has collected money. They pretend to welcome competition in that line, but they have discovered that he returns this money to the sucker and that they are necessarily perturbed. It is not ethical, they say, and they ought to know. It is not the practice of collectors who make a business of realizing money on good bills, bad bills, long and short bills, etc., to return any of this money to the client. And having learned first-hand that it is not customary to do these things, it is only right that the Pipe should Smoke a bit of warning to the chief.

That steam roller, as one indignant and somewhat incoherent citizen expresses it, "is running things with a high hand."

Something like 500 gifted writers have spent some time and energy in writing songs for the campaign, most

of them being heart throbs relating to the Roosevelt candidacy. Why not set to music that celebrated classic entitled: "Roll on, roll on, thou sad steam roller?"

It is hard to understand just what is the principle governing the collection of telephone rentals in advance. Many persons would not object to paying for service at its delivery but there is an objection almost universal to the proposition of paying in advance. It is suggested that the telephone company pay for the service of its employees in advance or that it pay in advance for other service required to operate the plant, instead of waiting until that service has been rendered and then remitting. One of the most delightful diversions of the early summer is to complain of the telephone service. The instrument in the home is a most convenient outlet for all of the complaints mortal man is heir to, and when the grouches of the day culminate in an outburst of indignation it is sad that the telephone hanging in the hall is a far safer receptacle for abuse than the housewife or the children. When the service is bad, as it has been for some time—and it is improving daily—it is hard to discover enough patience in a human being that will permit the signing of a check for service payable in advance.

What sore of people make up the "mob" to which this dangerous demagogue Roosevelt appeals? If you are one of them your sense of humor must be kept busy. We will select five Roosevelt fans from our own circle of acquaintance.

The first is a workingman, not easily inflamed, we should say, sober, industrious, intelligent. The second is an able and successful lawyer, whose opinion on the recall is quite as good, in our judgment, as Mr. Taft's. The third is a business man of the kind known as hard-headed and practical, unemotional, and a poor hand for brick-throwing. The fourth is a practicing physician, quiet and entirely respectable. The fifth is a university professor, unaffected by university torism or ingrowing culture.

Now multiply this quintet by a very large number, and you get some notion of the rabble which is prepared, when opportunity offers, to stave in the bulwarks of our country and split the palladiums into stove length.

All other heights of affluence become concavities when compared with the pinnacle on which perches the

Shah of Persia, whose kitchen utensils are of gold and studded with precious stones.

Mr. Taft, good soul, probably feels that he is in the hands of his friends. In time he may learn just how disinterested their friendship really is.

To be perfectly candid, Mr. Bryan, don't you consider the houn' dawg song the worst thing that has been perpetrated since the Crime of '73?

While the outcome of the convention next week may be a matter of some uncertainty, there is one thing absolutely sure. A lively time will be had.

Even in cold weather it is expensive to keep your ice box on a back porch that has a southern exposure. The sun frequently takes a notion to shine.

It costs \$6 to give a United States senator a bath. To give him a coat of whitewash, however, costs very much more.

With no wish to dispute the story that a Kentucky woman 86 years old has just started to school, we venture to suggest that she may have started to a cooking school.

Col. Lafe Young knows whereof he affirms when he says standpatism is dead. He was among those present when the sad event took place.

An Observant Youth.

"Well, Willie," said the visitor, patting the youth on the head, "I suppose you are going to be President of the United States some day?"

"Not if I can help it," said Willie. "I'd rather be an ex-President—he has more fun outen it."

A Man of His Word.

"Well, old man, did Binks keep his word and share his last dollar with you?" asked Hodgkins.

"Yes," sighed Downanout. "He did, but he'd made the same promise to twenty others, and all I got was a nickel."

The Facetious Housewife.

Though unaccustomed to hard manual labor, Tufford Knutt was earning his breakfast by doing some actual work.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "I've split de kindlin'. Anything more?"

"Yes," answered the woman of the house, "there's the lawn mower."

Didn't Approach Him Properly.

Church Trustee—"Brother Hardesty, in carrying on our campaign against the powers of darkness, we need more funds. How much shall I put you down for?"

Deacon Hardesty—"Not a cent, brother; not one red cent. I am opposed, on principle, to making campaign contributions."

The Social 803 is noted for those that put their oar in.



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